No. 5. PAGE 17

THE HIVE.

"TO WAKE THE SOUL BY TENDER STROKES OF ART,——TO RAISE THE GENIUS AND TO MEND THE HEART."

WEDNESDAY, JULY 17, 1804.

ESSAYS.

ON INTOXICATION.

AMONG the numerous vices, which prevail among men, in modern times, none has a greater tendency to mar the enjoyment of felicity, overturn reason and obstruct the progress of happiness, than that reproachful practice of intoxication, which not only debilitates the natural activity of the body, but depraves the mind, and leads to the practice of every enormity, which is subversive of every christian and moral virtue.

It is not the design of my present discourse to direct my speech to confirmed bacchanailians of the present age, who have pursued intemperance for a series of years; knowing that I should spend my words in vain and my time for naught: But I would recommend to the rising generation, who are about being called to act their part on the theatre of life that before they enlist under the banner of Bacchus, they would take a view of some odious spectacle, who has, for a series of time, pursued the vicious path of the epicure; then if they will not avoid that accursed path, neither will they be persuaded though one arose from the dead.

Is it not a matter of astonishment and the most lamentable of all reflections, that a being, formed for immortality, should deface the image of his beneficient Creator, by practising a habit so destructive to the constitution and so degrading to the dignity of human nature? Man, who was created a rational and intelligent being, ought to conduct as such: But it is to be lamented, that the most noble part of creation should, by intoxication, destroy those mental faculties bestowed on him, by the benevolent parent of nature. By this pernicious practice, men become regardless of that duty, which they owe to themselves, to society and to their God. The unhappy man, who has been ensnared, by an extensive fondness for intoxicating liquors, is excluded from the pleasures derived from social intercourse. Nature disowns the callous being, who by intoxication, riots his substance and reduces his dependents to poverty and wretchedness. How would the powers of nature rejoice at the restoration of reason, which has been so long excluded from her native soil? With what exultation would she reassume her intellectual throne and predominate over those propensities, which stigmatize the character of civilized citizens? How would she upbraid the inhuman perpetrator of so baneful a habit, as that of intoxication, which ought to be excluded from the sons of men? [*Gaz.*

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

I AM an old fellow, whom my neighbors in the country call an ill natured Hunks, and many other hard names, because I sometimes inveigh against modern fashions and modern manners, and scold the young bucks for their fopperies and girls for their idleness; but above all because I am a bachelor. And yet I am good natured in the main—last summer I gave up a piece of land to one of my neighbors rather than go to law with him; and I even sometimes forbear scolding a beggar when he asks for money. Yet notwithstanding all this, sir, my neighbors think me a cross grained fellow, with no more of the milk of human kindness than a vinegar barrel. The damsels hold down their heads when I meet them, and the young fellows will go round about half a mile, rather than come in my way—and all this because I am an old bachelor. Zounds, sir! If I was not the best natured old fellow in the whole world, I would be out of all patience. Hath not a bachelor eyes, ears, organs and dimensions, and feelings like other men?—And is he to be set up as a scarecrow, because he has thought proper not to make a fool of himself by marrying? Let me tell you, Mr. Editor, these things ought not to be; especially where a man has been jilted, deceived, and bamboozled as I have been.

My object therefore in sending you this, is, that if perchance some of my neighbors see it in your paper, they may see that I became an old bachelor, not from choice but necessity; and for this purpose I will lay before them a short history of my 'hair breadth scapes' and woeful disappointments.

When I was about six and twenty—I fell in love and that soundly too, with Miss Lydia Woodcock, as it was a first love and I had read novels, I considered myself as *in for it* for life, and made up my mind to win her or die, and so I might if she had not got the start of me and died first. This was my first disappointment in love, and I solaced myself by thinking it might be all for the best. I also wrote an Epitaph of two hundred lines, in each of which, I celebrated a virtue of the first magnitude.

My second mistress, was a young lady from town, whose name I have forgotten.—She murdered French divinely, rattled the keys of a Forte Piano like thunder, had worked Marmontel's Shepherdess of the Alps, and Sterne's Maria in satin, and they looked quite as natural as the figures of a China jar, or an old fashioned suit of curtains. In short, sir, she was possessed of the sum total of fine lady accomplishments. Think what a phenomenon for our village? I mounted my poetical cart-horse, and run down a sonnet in her praise in ten minutes. This furnished me an introduction, which I took every opportunity to improve—things went on swimmingly, and might soon have come to a conclusion, had not my adorable sent me one evening a note in which twelve words were barbarously misspelt. This incident shook the castle of my affections pretty rudely, and it soon tumbled down "five hundred fathoms deep" with a mighty crash, when one night by accident, I discovered that she had adopted a fashion (which I find recently revived) and wore no petticoats! Now you must know I was always attached to the honest old Dutch mode of ten petticoats, with the addition of a large pocket on each side. I threw my sonnet into the fire, "whistled lullibullero" sat down and read Juvenal's sixth satire, and in three hours after was as well as could be expected.

This affair sickened me of town ladies, and their accomplishments. I determined to seek in some sequestered shade, where art and fashionable manners, alike were strangers, a woman whose heart was unadulterated by fashion, and open to the original impression of nature; and a woman who wore pockets and petticoats.

This treasure I fancied I at last found, and hope began to smile on my expanded

brow. Simplicity of character, quoth I, when joined to good sense, constitutes the charms of a woman. This I have found; now let me be happy. At the end of this fine soliloquy, I pulled up my leather breeches, cast my enraptured eyes towards the dwelling of this rare jewel and discovered her romping with a sturdy ploughman, who ever and anon dwelt on her rosy lips. Now the deuce take such simplicity, quoth I, and mounting my horse returned home; not without however halting sometimes, for the purpose of consigning simplicity to "the regions of Tartarus and black night."

At this ominous period, I was within a hair's breadth of commencing my bachelorship, but "consideration like an angel came" and whispered me

"The mouse that has but one poor hole,
"Can never be a mouse of any soul."

So I determined to try my fortune again. But reasoned I, as I am a very young fellow yet—I was but five and thirty—there is no occasion to be in such a hurry; I will examine, and compare, and peradventure, I may discover a woman not absolutely simple, yet who wears petticoats. In this idea, I mixed much in society, came often to town and commenced a most absolute beau. I purchased pleasure where it was to be sold, and in a space of five years, was three times on the eve of declaring myself to as many different ladies; but as my evil star would have it, just as I arrived at the awful crisis of popping the question, some less scrupulous or more ardent lover would step in and bear away the lady before my eyes.

By this time I had insensibly slidden down into the valley of the shadow of departed youth, my grey hairs, and the opening furrows of my cheeks warned me, it was time to think of other pursuits than that of a wife. I took the hint like a wise man, quitted forever the gay world, and commenced country gentleman. In this retreat I might live happily were it not for the cursed name of old bachelor, which rings its larum in my ears whenever I come within hearing of the youthful and the gay. This never fails of tripping up the heels of philosophy, and when the young ones observe this, they giggle with redoubled violence.

If I offer to say a civil thing to a woman, who is not as old, and as ugly as the witch of Endor, the young fellows absolutely shout with laughter, and I am obliged to retreat with precipitation.

And now sir, if you can find room, for my sad case in your paper, my neighbors, who all read it, will learn to respect my disappointments, and I shall escape the ordeal of laughter for being an old bachelor, which I cannot deny.

I am, &c.

[*N. Y. Chron.*] WALTER WITHERS.

BIOGRAPHY.

ROBERT BLOOMFIELD.

[*Continued from Page* 15.

"I, at that time, (proceeds his brother,) read the London Magazine; and in that work about two sheets were set apart for a review. Robert seemed always eager to read this review. Here he could see what the literary men were doing, and learn how to judge of the merits of the works that came out. And I observed that he always looked at the poet's corner. And one day he repeated a song which he composed, to an old tune. I was much surprised that a boy of sixteen should make such smooth verses; so I persuaded him to try whether the editor of our paper would give them a place in the poet's corner. And he succeeded, and they were printed. And as I forget his other early productions, I shall copy this."

—

The MILK-MAID—*on the First of May.*

1

HAIL May! lovely May! how replenish'd my pail!
The young dawn overspreads the east streak'd with gold!
My glad heart beats time to the laugh of the vale,
And Colin's voice rings through the woods from the fold.

2

The wood to the mountain submissively bends,
Whose blue misty summits first glow with the sun!
See thence a gay train by the wild rill descends
To join the glad sports—hark! the tumult's begun.

3

Be cloudless, ye skies!—Be my Colin but there,
Not the dew-spangled bents on the wide level dale,
Nor morning's first blush can more lovely appear
Than his looks, since my wishes I could not conceal.

4

Swift down the mad dance, while blest health prompts to move,
We'll count joys to come, and exchange vows of truth;
And haply when age cools the transports of love,
Decry like good folks the vain pleasures of youth.

5

No, no; the remembrance shall ever be dear!
At no time love with innocence ceases to charm!
It is a transport in youth—and it smiles through the tear,
When they feel, in their children, its first soft alarm.

The writer of this preface doubts whether he has been successful in adding the last stanza to this beautiful and simply expressive song. But he imagined that some thought of this kind was in the mind of the author: and he was willing to endeavor to express it. The breast which has felt love, justly shrinks from the idea of its total extinction, as from annihilation itself. And there is even an high social and moral use in that order of Providence which exalts sensations into tender and benign passions; those passions into habitual affections yet more tender; and raises from those affections virtues the most beneficent, and the most endearing; thus expanding the sentiment into all the charities of domestic and social life.

"I remember," says Mr. George Bloomfield, continuing his narrative, "a little piece which he called the Sailor's Return, in which he tried to describe the feelings of an honest tar, who after a long absence, saw his dear native village first rising into view. This too obtained a place in the poet's corner.

"And as he was so young," his brother proceeds, "it shews some genius in him, and some industry, to have acquired so much knowledge of the use of words in so little time. Indeed at this time, myself and my fellow workmen in the garret began to get instructions from him, though not more than sixteen years old.

"About this time there came a man, to lodge at our lodging that was troubled with fits. Robert was so much hurt to see this poor creature drawn into such frightful forms, and to hear his horrid screams, that I was forced to leave the lodging. We went to Blue Heart-court, Belle-alley. In our new garret we found a very singular character, James Kay, a native of Dundee. He was a middle-aged man of good understanding, and yet a furious Calvinist. He had many books, and some which he did not value; such as the Seasons, Paradise Lost and some novels. These books he lent to Robert, who spent all his leisure hours in reading the Seasons, which he was now capable of reading. I never heard him give so much praise to any book as to that.

"I think it was in the year 1784, that the question came to be decided between the journeymen shoemakers, whether those who had learned without serving an apprenticeship, could follow the trade.

"The man by whom Robert and I were employed, Mr. Chamberlayne, of Cheapside, took an active part against the lawful journeymen; and even went so far as to pay off every man that worked for him that had joined their clubs. This so exasperated the men, that their acting committee soon looked for unlawful men (as they called them) among Chamberlayne's workmen."

They found out little Robert, and threatened to prosecute Chamberlayne for employing him, and to prosecute his brother, Mr. G. Bloomfield, for teaching him. Chamberlayne requested of the brother, to go on and bring it to a trial; for that he would defend it; and that neither George nor Robert should be hurt.

In the meantime, George was much insulted for having refused to join, upon this occasion, those who called themselves, exclusively, the *lawful crafts*. George, who says he was never framed for patience, (it is not, indeed, so much as might be sometimes wished, very often the lot of strong and acute minds to possess largely of this virtue) took his pen, and addressed a letter

to one of the most active of their committeemen, (a man of very bad character.) In this, after stating that he took Robert at his mother's request, he made free as well with the private character of this man as with the views of the committee. "This, (says George,) was very foolish; for it made things worse: but I felt too much to refrain."

What connects this episodical, circumstance with the character of our author follows in his brother's words.

"Robert, naturally fond of peace, and fearful for my personal safety, begged to be suffered to retire from the storm.

"He came home; and Mr. Austin kindly bade him take his house for his home until he could return to me. And here, with his mind glowing with the fine descriptions of rural scenery, which he found in Thomson's Seasons, he again retraced the very fields where he first began to think. Here, free from the smoke, the noise, the contention of the city, he imbibed that love of rural simplicity, and rural innocence, which fitted him, in a great degree, to be the writer of such a thing as the Farmer's Boy.

"Here he lived two months:—at length, as the dispute in the trade still remained undecided, Mr. Durbridge offered to take Robert apprentice, to secure him, at all events, from any consequences of the litigation." [*To be concluded next week.*]

AMUSING.

AN APPARITION.

THE late Dr. Fowler, bishop of Gloucester, and Justice Powell, had frequently altercations on the subject of ghosts. The bishop was a zealous defender of their reality—the justice was somewhat sceptical. —The bishop one day met his friend, and the justice told him that since their last conference on the subject, he had ocular demonstration which convinced him of the existence of ghosts. "I rejoice at your conversion," replied the bishop, "give me the circumstances that produced it, with all the particulars: *ocular* demonstration you say." —"Yes, my Lord—as I lay last night in my bed, about the twelfth hour I was awakened by an uncommon noise, and heard something coming up stairs!"—"Go on."—"Alarmed at the noise, I drew my curtain!"—"Proceed"—"and I saw a faint glimmering light enter my chamber:"—"Of a blue colour was it not?"——"of a pale blue!—the light was followed by a tall, meagre, stern figure, who appeared as an old man of 70 years of age, arrayed in a long light coloured rug gown, bound round with a leathern girdle; his beard thick and grisly, his hair scant and straight, his face of a dark sable hue,—and in his hand a long staff.—Terror seized my whole frame, I trembled until the bed almost shook, and cold drops hung on every limb:—the figure with a slow and solemn step stalked nearer and nearer."—"Did you speak to it? there was money hid, or murder committed, without doubt."—"My Lord, I did speak to it;—I adjured it by all that was holy, to tell me whence, and why it thus appeared."—"And in heaven's name what was the reply?"—"It was accompanied, my Lord, by three strokes of his staff upon the floor,—so holding up his lanthorn, and then waving it close to my eyes, he told me he was the *watchman!* and came to give me notice that my street door was wide open, and unless I rose and shut it, I might chance to be robbed before morning."

MODERN NOVELS.

EVERY absurdity has an end—and, as I observe that almost all novels are now of the terrific cast, I hope the insipid repetition of the same *bugbears* will at length work its own cure. In the mean time, should any of your female readers be desirous of catching the *season of terrors*, they may compose two or three very pretty volumes, from the following recipe:

Take—An old castle, half of it ruinous
A long gallery with a great many doors, some secret ones
Three murdered bodies, quite fresh
As many skeletons, in chests and presses
An old woman hanging by the neck, with her throat cut
Assassins and desperadoes, quant. suff.
Noises, whispers, and groans, three score at least.

Mix them together, in the form of three thin *pills*, or volumes, and let them be taken or swallowed, at bed-time or other hour, in any city, village, or watering-place, in England or Wales, and the town of Berwick upon Tweed, (as proclamations are!) where they will be found equally palatable, and sanative by young and middle-aged ladies; with or WITHOUT POCKETS! I mean in the fashion only! No offence to the provincial ladies, from PROBATUM EST.

[*P. Folio.*

ANCIENT GALLANTRY.

IF I recollect right, it has been supposed that Solomon's Song was written by him as a piece of blandishment on one of his mistresses. If that is the case, I am a little puzzled that the wisest man that ever lived should be the most ungallant man to the female sex. Casting my eye on the seventh chapter of that song, I observe he tells his mistress, that she is as high as a palm-tree, (about eighty feet) that her head is as big as Mount-Carmel, her nose like the tower of Lebanon, and her eyes like the fish pools of Heshbon!——Now, how would it strike one of the gay belles of the present day, if her amorous swain was to try to ingratiate himself, by telling her, that she was as tall as a buttonwood-tree, her head as large as Bunker-hill, her nose like the arsenal, and each of her eyes exactly like the Collect.

A HUSBAND ELOPED.

ALLESE SIMPSON, a lady of Bertie county, North-Carolina, has offered a reward of one hundred dollars, on delivering to her or securing in jail, her husband, who it seems had deserted her and married Charity O'Daniel, a young lady of Halifax county. After mentioning that he had eloped from her bed-side, without any provocation whatever, she gives a laughable description of him and his companion:—"John Simpson is a man of a dark complexion; of a low stature, brown hair, black eye-brows, light coloured beard, and an everlasting tobacco chewer; his front teeth very dark and rusty, &c. &c. His companion, Charity, of usual height, about the age of eighteen, thick and full fleshed, light complexion, much freckled, and a large bushy head of rusty red hair."

A CHINESE CUSTOM.

THE Chinese year commences with the new moon, which happens nearest to the time when the sun is in the 15th degree of Aquarius, and is a very important period; not only on account of the universal festivity, which lasts four or five days, during which no business is transacted; but as it is the day previous to which all payments must be completed. During the interval between the solstice and the new-year, the creditor becomes very importunate: and if he be not satisfied, on the last night of the old year, he repairs to the debtor's house, takes his seat, and observes the most profound silence. As soon as mid-night is passed, he rises, congratulates the debtor on the new-year and retires. The debtor has then, as they express it, *lost his face*, and no person will ever trust him afterwards.

A musician, named Larenti, lately precipitated himself from a four pair of stairs window, at Paris, and was killed on the spot. The cause of this desperate act was *excess of love* for a young woman who was resolutely cruel. The *scraper* of *catgut* forgot the prudent reflection of the enamoured Damon:

"That a lover forsaken
A new love may get;
But a neck when once broken
Can never be set."

A few years ago when the river Delaware was frozen, a number of booths were erected on the ice, near one of which an Irishman observing a person to fall in, ran immediately to the proprietor of the booth and informed him he had just seen a man enter his cellar, and advised him to take care of his liquor.

MARRIED, on Sunday evening last, by the Rev. Dr. Muhlenberg, Mr. *Jacob Kitzmiller*, of Adams county, to Miss *Sarah Krug*, Daughter of Mr. Valentine Krug, of this Borough.

POETRY.

[The two following pieces, communicated by a Correspondent, were written nearly half a century ago by a Lady who is now living and resides in the borough of Lancaster, (Penn.) as they have never before been published, the Editor doubts not but they will be highly acceptable to his readers, and he is confident their insertion will gratify a number of his subscribers.] *Phil. Repository.*

AN ELEGY.

FAREWEL to joy, and pleasure's tempting train,
The songs of love and every cheerful strain;
Now let the verse in solemn measure flow,
And breathe with me the bitterness of woe—
For ah, she's gone, my lovely friend is dead,
And with her all my happiness is fled;
Gone are those hours of innocent delight,
When the fair charmer bless'd my ravish'd sight.
Now fancy paints her fresh in youthful bloom,
Now cold in death and mould'ring in the tomb;
Pale are the cheeks with rosy smiles once spread,
And all the lustre of her eyes are fled.
Why did she die? Death, friend of human woe,
Are there not wretches who invoke thy blow?
Thou might'st have left this lovely flow'r to bloom,
And sent some mortal to his wish'd for home.
But ah, fond friend, where does thy passion guide?
Would'st thou o'er GOD's almighty will preside?
The blow was his, although it was severe,
Which laid in dust all that thy friend held dear.
Hear me in pity, and thy aid impart,
Pour healing balm on my afflicted heart;
Forgive those tears which find their ready way,
This grateful tribute let frail nature pay;
All here I loved, the good, the virtuous maid,
In the cold chambers of the grave is laid;
Her trial's o'er, her toilsome race is run,
The Christian's prize—the crown of glory won.

THE BIRD's NEST.

THE other day, as Clara fair
Resolv'd to taste the rural air,
To view what beaming smiles adorn
The vernal splendors of the morn;
Chance led me to that very way
My Clara had resolv'd to stray,
Transported, thus, my fair to find
Intent for walk, I quickly join'd.
In meditation while we go,
It happen'd, in a quickset row,
Clara perceiv'd two birds distrest,
And hard at work to build their nest.
We stop'd to view the anxious pair
Contrive their house, so firm and fair.
See Clara, see; I then exprest,
What various things compose the nest;
What diff'rent parts, connected join,
To make the whole both neat and fine.
So should the soul of every maid
With different beauties be array'd;
Virtue should guard the tender fair
From man's deceptive, flatt'ring snare;
Prudence direct her wav'ring youth,
And teach her feet the path of truth;
And modesty, in outward mein,
Should speak the harmless soul within;
Honor protect her virgin heart
From ev'ry low, insidious art;
And soft good nature ever roll
Its tender impulse in her soul;
And when these excellencies join'd,
Display a Clara's lovely mind,
The composition soon would prove
A nest of harmony and love.

[The authority of COLERIDGE will be respected as a poet. He has observed that the following song, simple, deeply pathetic, and even sublime, may, without exaggerated praise, be pronounced the most exquisite performance in our language. It was written by Mr. LOGAN, a Scotch divine and historian. As its popularity is by no means equal to its merits, we reprint it, confident that to be admired universally, it needs only be known.] *P. Fol.*

THE BRAES OF YARROW.

THY braes were bonny, Yarrow stream!
When first on them I met my lover:
Thy braes how dreary, Yarrow stream!
When now thy waves his body cover!
Forever now, O Yarrow stream!
Thou art to me a stream of sorrow;
For never on thy banks shall I
Behold my love, the flower of Yarrow!

He promised me a milk-white steed
To bear me to his father's bowers;
He promised me a little page
To squire me to his father's towers;
He promised me a wedding-ring—
The wedding-day was fix'd to-morrow!
Now he is wedded to his grave—
Alas! his watery grave in Yarrow.

Sweet were his words when last we met;
My passion I as freely told him!
Clasp'd in his arms, I little thought
That I should never more behold him!
Scarce was he gone, I saw his ghost!
It vanish'd with a shriek of sorrow—
Thrice did the *water-wraith** ascend,
And gave a doleful groan thro' Yarrow!

His mother from the window look'd
With all the longings of a mother;
His little sister weeping walk'd
The green-wood path to meet her brother.
They sought him east, they sought him west,
They sought him all the forest thorough;
They only saw the cloud of night,
They only heard the roar of Yarrow!

No longer from the window look,
Thou hast no son, thou tender mother!
No longer walk, thou lovely maid!
Alas! thou hast no more a brother.
No longer seek him east or west,
And search no more the forest thorough;
For wandering in the night so dark,
He fell a lifeless corse in Yarrow!

* *The water-fiend; sometimes called the Kelpie.*

MORAL AND USEFUL.

BENEVOLENCE.

WHEN we examine the various characters and distinctions amongst men, if any of them claim our pure love, friendship, and esteem, it is the man who possesses the genial traits of genuine benevolence; and it is he who is entitled to our first and highest encomiums; for benevolence is a principle of the heart, by and through which we receive the pleasure resulting from true inward happiness, the continuance of which will last until we cease to draw the vital spark, and until the undiscriminating hand of death summons the soul from its tabernacle of clay, to wing its course through the ætherial skies, to the blessed mansions above, the residence of those whose virtues and perfections have crowned their heads with laurels of immortal glory. Let us never withhold from the memory of those men, the praises which their virtues have obtained, but suffer the apologies of human nature to plead in their behalf—as perfection on this earth, has not nor never will be obtained; the wisest as well as the best of men have erred, *humanum est errare.*—The benign influence of this god-like attribute, *benevolence*, has a powerful tendency, when it operates upon the vicious mind, to eradicate therefrom the sting of vice and immorality, with which it has been poisoned. To do a good action is the good man's secular study, and to promote the felicity of his fellow-creatures, his supreme delight.—It is not so much his inquiry, who are, as where are the objects of pity and compassion, but to inform is meritorious, because their wants are immediately meliorated by the administration of his help and assistance. The benevolent man harbors not a malicious thought, neither doth he take pleasure in exposing the faults of his fellowmen; he is contented in concealing them from a slanderous world, and admonishing them in secret.—"Happy the man who inherits this virtue; his days are days of pleasantness, and all his paths are peace."

Best method to preserve Sheep-skins.

TANNED sheep-skins are in great demand, for a variety of uses; but for want of proper attention in taking off the wool, the skin is many times so far injured, as scarcely to be worth dressing. The following method will be found beneficial:—As soon as the skin is taken off the sheep's back, spread it on a horse or cow; and in six or eight hours, the wool will come off better than in any other way. After the wool is off, spread the skin on a pole, and let it hang in the shade (as the sun is very detrimental to it) until convenient to send it to a tanner. This practice will render sheep-skins of four times the value they now are, and save thousands of pounds to the country in a short time.

TERMS OF THE HIVE.

To town subscribers, and country subscribers who receive their papers in town, TWO DOLLARS per annum—payable in half-yearly advances.

To those who receive them by the Mail, TWO DOLLARS—payable in advance.

☞ Several complete files, of volume I. are for sale.—Price TWO DOLLARS.

LANCASTER, (Penn.)
PRINTED BY
CHARLES M'DOWELL,
AT THE SIGN OF THE "BEE-HIVE," IN EAST KING-STREET.
Where Subscriptions & Literary Communications will be thankfully received.